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# Hetty Green Will Aid Conditions In The United States

NEW YORK, June 5.—"When the time comes, I am sure my mother will be found in the fore ranks of those endeavoring to better economic conditions in our country," said Colonel E. H. R. Green, who has practically succeeded his mother, Mrs. Hetty Green, in the management of her estate, valued at \$100,000,000. Colonel Green has been talking about economic conditions and about his belief in the sincerity of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie to use their wealth for the permanent good of the country in which they made it.

In a suite in the Waldorf, Colonel Green, with secretaries and stenographers, has been gathering the many details of the vast Green estate and bringing them together, preparatory to the incorporation of a private bank here with branches through the country to handle this business.

It is his hope that on May 1 the old offices where his grandfather Robinson laid the foundation of the Green millions as a ship owner, will become vacant. If they are, they will be taken over for his business. If the tenants elect to stay, however, this bit of sentiment will have to be sacrificed and quarters perhaps more commodious, but about which there cling no remembrances, will be selected.

## Tells of the Rule of Investment.

The richest woman in the world is now at the Waldorf. She has a room opposite the suite used by her son. She still retains her flat and runs over and spends a few days there. That trait in her character that causes her to cling to the place where she has known great peace of mind, and where she lived with her daughter so many years, is reflected in the son, who hopes to begin the management of the funds of the House of Green in the offices that were held by his grandfather.

A son loyal to his mother, filled with admiration for her genius as a business woman, Colonel Green bitterly resents any suggestion that she is a hard person with whom to transact business. He asserts she has been grossly misrepresented in the past. He contends that she conducts her business upon standards that are ideal. He said:

## Her Bank Balances High.

"Her argument has always been that every community should be entitled to the benefit of its own prosperity. Not a penny of Boston money is allowed to come to New York. Toledo earnings must be reinvested in Toledo. Our earnings from mort-

gages on Manhattan property—here we loan upon real estate along Fifth avenue and Broadway—are held in local banks until the opportunity arises for their placement upon property here.

"Our cash balances in downtown banks because of this rule are now very high for the simple reason that my mother insists that New York city really development must be the sole beneficiary of that portion of her wealth acquired in this locality.

"In a number of instances my mother has been wonderfully successful from her ventures. I have in mind one case where she bought in a piece of property in Toledo for \$10,000. A railroad station erected near her holdings have given them a value of nearly \$500,000.

## Abominates "Ex-American."

"Since my mother began her career as a business woman she has never asked more than six per cent for her money. This is almost a religion with her. I have looked over her books for many years past and I have not come across a single instance where she has charged more than the legal rate. The bulk of her loans have been made at rates considerably under six per cent.

"Because of his fact and her widely known liberal attitude toward her customers in panic times, my mother has always been in a position to skim the cream of the borrowers in the financial world.

"Another point which adds to my pride in the business name which my mother has made is her intense loyalty to the land of her birth. She abominates William Waldorf Astor, the American expatriate, above all other persons in the world. I want to say that I am in full accord with her in this respect. She would not invest in a foreign enterprise if there were guaranteed a certain thirty-day profit of 500 per cent. Her patriotism has cost her a good many dollars, but I am sure she has no regrets upon that score.

## Will Follow Mother's Methods.

"Below Canal street the modern financial looks upon my mother as behind the times in her way of doing business. Some have volunteered to bring me up to date. Others have suggested that I depart from the business methods she has used. Maybe I am slow in catching on, but I intend to follow along her lines. If by so doing, I am one-half as fortunate as she has been in her opinions and judgments, I will be doing better than any financier I have met since making my headquarters here."

# Gustavo Madero's Views on Diaz

Contrary to the ideas of many who do not know, Latin Americans do not live to fight, but rather are most times forced to fight to live. And this is true, says Madero, of "our Mexico" as well as the rest. Edward Marshall, after first obtaining an interview with General Carter, the American commander, crossed "quickly" the Rio Grande and stood face to face with Francisco Madero, the rebel chief. But Francisco showed little inclination to be either observed or interviewed, leaving such unsoldierly "details" to his brother, Gustavo, the "financier" of the present rising. Gustavo is a big man, the physical antithesis of his brother, and only like him in his common hatred of Diaz—the "expatriate." The following account is culled from the Philadelphia Public Ledger, to which Mr. Marshall is contributing a series of articles on things Mexican and otherwise.

## Gustavo was talking:

"You do not know Diaz," he went on slowly. "He really is wonderful—Diaz!"

"Diaz," he continued, after he had said some things about the president of Mexico which I do not print, "is a very great comedian.

"He is truly a great comedian. . . . His stage has been Mexico, and from it he has fooled the world."

In what way? Gustavo was asked. He shrugged his shoulders. "In ten thousand ways." He smoked a moment, now, in silence. "But principally in the way that he has made the world outside think him humane—think him a man who, risen from the people, loves the people tenderly. It is not quite true. He loves—he is quite capable of a great love; but only for one object, and that object is—himself.

"You know," he said, a moment later, "we call him 'El crocodilo,' and

that means 'the crocodile.' Tears come to his eyes at hearing of a tale about some cruelty—tears come to his eyes, and with one hand he raises up a handkerchief to wipe those tears away, but with the other hand he holds a pen to sign his name upon some document which will perpetrate a hundred cruelties a hundred times as cruel as the cruelty which has just made him weep. . . . Up in the United States it may be that there are people who merely shrug their shoulder when they read of it, and exclaim: 'Ah, another Latin-American revolution! Well, what of it?' Then they turn to read about what happened, possibly, the night before at the Grand Opera.

"Well, it is not exactly that. The Mexicans have not been victims of the 'revolution habit,' as I have heard Americans, with some truth, describe some people of the Latin-American states. We have been peaceful, law-abiding people—scarcely citizens, most of us, for we have not had the rights of citizenship as they are known elsewhere in the world.

"Liberty! Now listen. I was sent to jail when they had not a charge to make against me save that I had talked with a federal general whom they suspected. It happened that in putting me into prison they were right from their own points of view, because, really, I was certainly opposed to them. But that they were not sure of at the time. They only knew that I had talked with the suspected man."

Madero is a very handsome man. That seems to be a peculiarity of successful revolutionists, and whether they win in the end or not, the Maderos have surely been successful in creating revolution. Now he threw back that particularly handsome head and chuckled.

"If you were put in jail upon suspec-

tion, how did you, of all men, get away again?" I asked.

"I laughed myself out of the prison," he said joyfully. "I treated all the charges which were brought against me as quite too absurd to be taken seriously. They finally became convinced that this view was the right one, and released me."

Now his voice rolled out in a very hearty peal of merriment.

"That was six months since, and they are sorry now that I got out."

Madero had been in the Helen jail, and maintained that at time two per cent of the entire population of Mexico were in one jail or another. He continues:

"If in New York the same percentage was locked up, the city would have 50,000 of its citizens behind the bars. It is not reasonable to think, is it, that so many citizens are misfactors? Mexicans, in general, are as law-abiding as the citizens of any other country. They are not uniquely violent. Therefore it must be that quite a number of that vast horde of confined men were innocent. Well, where innocence is cast into prison, there, friend, tyranny is found. It is not so? It is against that tyranny that we revolt in Mexico. . . .

"Of the fifty men in the cell in which I was confined," Madero went on, presently, "forty had been sentenced to be shot by Telesforo Ocampo. That group of men condemned to die was interesting as a sample of the justice dealt out there in Mexico. This man, Ocampo, appeared to take real pleasure in condemning men to death. He it was who bet a dinner with some friends that, the very night the bet was made, he would condemn a man to death. He won the bet, of course. He rested with him purely and simply. He could always send a man to death! Wait; let me give you this man's photograph." He fumbled among his papers and found a postcard with the portrait of this judge and a brief story of the episode, printed both in Spanish and in English, underneath the portrait. "It has been very popular in this country among Mexicans," he said. "Thousands of them have been used." He laughed. "Of course, we do not put so many of them in the mails in Mexico. The man who mailed one or received one there might be the subject of another dinner bet."

But such things have not caused the war—they are merely the incidents. Says Madero:

"As long as we could live, no matter what with great discomforts, with what terrible accompaniment of tragedy, we patiently or stupidly endured. We have sprung into revolution only when conditions have become so terrible that the great mass of the people cannot provide themselves, unmoled, with the plain necessities of life; when they see their wives and children suffer because they are not permitted to—in peace and safety and without oppression by their labor—provide for their sufficient means of sustenance.

"Injustices of taxation have done more, perhaps, to drive us to plain desperation than any other one thing has. The system has been such that only the small favored few have been enabled to progress. The ordinary citizen can make no headway toward prosperity, no matter how eternally and how efficiently he may strive for it. Human effort has demanded its reward; in Mexico it has not had it; there, as elsewhere, when it does not get at least a small proportion of it, it will rise and smite and take for its own self its own."

## SOCIAL WASHINGTON.

The feature of Washington that most impresses me, when I look back on my fifteen years of acquaintance with it, is the growing stringency of the code of etiquette. Thus, the number of state dinners and receptions that the President has to give is now definitely fixed. The President nowadays, I understand, never dines out except at a relative's or a Cabinet Minister's house. So much has been settled; but there remains a whole wilderness of social forms still to be subdued. Should Senators, for instance, be given the pas over Cabinet Ministers? Should the Admiral of the Navy rank above the Secretary of the Navy? What is the relative position of the Speaker and the Secretary of State? The Vice-President being a sort of half-apparent, ought ambassadors to follow or precede him? What is the exact place of the Justices of the Supreme Court? In the scale of precedence? If two Senators were elected on the same day, which of them should make the first advance? And what about the status of the unmarried daughters of Cabinet Ministers? These and a hundred similar conundrums are debated in Washington with a more than monarchical fervor. The mere fact that they can be propounded shows that the American capital is still somewhat in the chrysalis stage of social development.—An English Visitor, in Harper's Weekly.

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## POPULAR PRICES

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE  
FIRST JUDICIAL CIRCUIT, TERRITORY OF HAWAII.—At Chambers—in Probate. Number 4396.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE  
OF M. S. GRINBAUM, Deceased.

ON READING AND FILING the Petition of Albert Meyer, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, alleging that M. S. Grinbaum, a resident of and domiciled at San Francisco aforesaid, died testate at Meran, in the Empire of Austria, leaving property in the Territory of Hawaii necessary to be administered upon, and praying that Letters of Ancillary Administration with the Will annexed issue to W. G. Singlehurst, of the City and County of Honolulu, said Territory of Hawaii:

IT IS ORDERED that MONDAY the 10th day of JULY, 1911, at ten o'clock A. M. be and hereby is appointed for hearing said petition in the Court Room of this Court at Honolulu aforesaid, at which time and place all persons concerned may appear and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

Dated Honolulu, June 3, 1911.

By the Court:

J. A. THOMPSON,

Clerk.

HOLMES, STANLEY & OLSON, Attorneys for Petitioner.  
41—June 2, 10, 17, 24.

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